

FROM THURSDAY'S DAILY.

"Let the galled jades win."
Nice spring lamb at the Tragic market.

S. B. Bevans left for Phoenix this morning.

E. W. Wells has retired for the present, from the practice of law.

"Mike" Hickey is making a war of extermination on the ants, in the plaza.

Robert Kennedy went out to the Hassayampa today, for a brief recreation.

New steps are being erected at the several entrances to the court house plaza.

Ex-Mayor W. N. Kelley and wife returned yesterday from their visit to California.

Paymaster Glenn arrived at Whipple, yesterday's train, and paid off the boys in blue.

Diamond J. Reynolds, the mining millionaire and steamboat man, arrived on today's train.

Rodios in several districts of this county have been dispensed with this year, owing to the scarcity of grass.

A. T. Stewart once said: "He who invests a dollar in business should invest another dollar in advertising that business."

Prescott has six physicians, three drug stores and yet the health of our people is excellent. "Climate my boy," "climate" is what does it.

Captain A. T. Brann, the owner of some good mining property on Turkey creek, returned on today's train from a protracted visit east.

Dr. Beaumont Cox, in Lincoln's drug store, has a veritable fairy land in a case in the window. It is composed of snakes, lizards, horn toads and other reptiles.

A. M. McCauley, brother to Alex McCauley, of Walnut Grove, arrived on today's train, direct from old Erin. He will remain here some time visiting friends, and may conclude to eat his lot in Arizona.

Judge Wright, Judge Sumner Howard and E. M. Sanford Esq., returned yesterday from attending court at Kingman, the first term of the district court ever held at the new county seat of our sister, Mohave county.

Karl Snyder, the private secretary of Judge Hazdeine, the able attorney of the Atlantic & Pacific railroad, and who at present, owing to Judge Hazdeine's illness, is looking after the interests of the road, came in on today's train, leaving this afternoon.

A fire alarm was sounded at 2:30 p. m. today, for practice, and two streams of water were turned on the plaza for the benefit of the blue grass, the Tonges getting their first with a stream, by, from one half to a quarter second, according to the variations of the watches owned by the different gentlemen consulted by our reporter.

Target practice will commence at Whipple next Monday, May 16th, and will continue two months. There will then be a cessation of practice until September, when another month's practice will be had. The target practice has been reduced from four to three months each season now.

The firing of a gun at whippie, at sunrise and sunset has been discontinued by the democratic administration, which refuses to furnish ammunition for that purpose. There are only three military posts in the United States now, where guns are fired at sunrise and sunset, these being Fort Monroe, Fort Leavenworth and West Point.

Charles W. Beach will commence work on a ditch to his Kirkland valley farm, extending it three miles further up the valley, where a larger water supply can be obtained. For this purpose he purchased four mules, at a nominal price to-day, at the government auction, at Whippie, and wants to employ a number of men to push the work.

An auction sale of ten condemned government mules took place at Whippie today, by a soldier auctioneer. The government, in employing an auctioneer, who knows as much of the business as an average canine does of astronomy, is penny wise and pound foolish.

A gentleman who attended today's auction, informed the JOURNAL-MINER that, not less than \$500 was lost to the government by the inexperience of the auctioneer. He says that an experienced auctioneer, such as our townsman, J. L. Fisher, could have secured from \$250 to \$300 per day for mules, that were sacrificed to-day for, from \$100 to \$150.

The governor's most obnoxious lackey and lickspittle has a "star notice" in the Courier of this morning, containing his usual stereotyped reference to the "tank," maliciously and other familiar phrases, to which he owns the exclusive copyright. Now we would not insult even a sinking little animal as a "skunk," by even a distant comparison of it with this distinguished (7) lickspittle. Such a comparison would be a libel on its "breath," odorous as it is, as compared with the fetid, malarious aroma emitted by the former, while the courage of this little animal, which boldly gets in front of its victim, while it "spits" in his face, would suffer an indignity, when compared with a cowardly assassin, who sneaks up behind his unsuspecting victim, with a concealed wagon spoke, and deals him a deadly blow from behind. No, give us the genuine "mephitic chings" in preference to a foul, cowardly human "skunk."

Unnecessary Misery.

Probably as much misery comes from habitual constipation as from any derangement of the functions of the body, and it is difficult to cure, for the reason that no one likes to take the medicines usually prescribed. Hamburg Figs were prepared to obviate this difficulty, and they were found pleasant to the taste of women and children. 25 cents. At all drug stores. J. J. Mack & Co., proprietors S. F.

The valleys of the Salt and Gila rivers are now rapidly filling up with a desirable class of people. Within the last few months the land has more than trebled its value, with a tendency still upward.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY.

Read the notice in this issue of "Wanted."

J. L. Fisher has placed the price of furniture at very low figures.

Captain Brann expects to spend the summer in this section.

Boston gave the Hawaiian queen a complimentary breakfast of brown bread and beans.

The different towns of the territory are contributing liberally to the liquor dealers' fund.

Who will start the hotel enterprise and push it through to a successful culmination?

Three wagons loaded with machinery for Diamond J. left Prescott for the mines to-day.

Jules Baumann rejoices at the warm spell of weather, which creates a demand for his ice cream.

Diamond J. still wants to employ a number of freights, to haul his machinery to Del Paso.

Shull & Austin, of the Gray Eagle stables, will furnish transportation for the picnicers to-morrow.

Memorial day will be observed with appropriate exercises in Prescott, by Barrett Post G. A. R.

Mr. Wimple informs us that he expects to have Mr. Reynolds' saw mill in operation next Tuesday.

A shrewd observer has learned that old maids love to kiss and fondle cats, because they have whiskers.

Arthur W. Whitaker, the Verde stock man, has returned home with his bride from Brooklyn, New York.

The Albuquerque Democrat reports that the cause of Captain B. B. Bullwinkle's death, was pneumonia.

W. C. Bashford & Co. continue to supply a large amount of merchandise to the various camps surrounding Prescott.

Since the completion of the railroad, there has been a wonderful reduction in the price of nearly all kinds of merchandise.

Jas. W. Colgan, to-day sowed a crop of blue grass in the plaza. If a success is made in raising it, will greatly beautify the place.

Dr. Lincoln has the most beautiful specimen of a live owl in his drug store, that we have ever seen. It was captured at Chino valley.

Martin Maier quenches the thirst of many a one these days, with his ice cold Fredericksberg beer, which he keeps on draught at all times.

A public exhibition was given by the pupils of the public schools this afternoon, at which they acquitted themselves very creditably.

Residents of this county will find that Prescott merchants can supply them goods at as reasonable prices as they can purchase elsewhere.

In addition to the new steps being erected at the entrances to the plaza, Jailer Hickey has had the prisoners engaged in making nice smooth walks to the court house.

The Sunday school children of the M. E. Church South, West Prescott, have been rehearsing for children's day exercises, which will be observed there next Sunday.

Parties desiring employment are requested to read the notice of Ed. Lowe, in this issue. He wants to contract for the digging of holes for telegraph poles, and for setting the poles.

Dr. Lincoln has received letters of inquiry from a Philadelphia firm, asking for information in regard to his vanadium mine. The firm in question says it manufactures vanadium ammonia. The doctor is an actively prospective millionaire.

I. Mercier has sold his Prescott Bottling works to M. E. Morin, of Albuquerque, a pleasant and business like gentleman. Mr. Mercier will leave on Monday for Albuquerque, where he owns an interest in a large brewery.

James Wing caught a fine young bald eagle near his ranch, at Point of Rocks, last week. He found the nest among the crags of rocks there, and captured the sole occupant. He did not wait long to argue the point with the old eagle after securing it, either.

The "evening contemporary" was not in a towering rage if it did contain unpleasant reading to some folks. Nauseating? We handled a horribly nasty thing, reeking with filth and slime and moral putridity, without gloves. Perhaps we should have taken a pair of tongs.

A warrant was issued by Judge Fleury last evening, for the arrest of a Mexican, charged with stealing two horses and two watches, and robbing the camp of a Chinaman, at the Dosoris. After getting his plunder he started for Walnut Grove, and Sheriff Mulvenon telegraphed last evening to his deputy, John Ross, to be on the lookout for him and arrest him.

The Atlantic & Pacific Railroad company, it is said, has forbidden its employees to give any information concerning any accidents on the road, under the penalty of discharge. If this is the case it shows a very short-sighted policy on the part of the company, as any attempt to suppress news at this day, in this country, is not in keeping with the spirit of the age.

The Los Angeles Christian Advocate of April 30th, contains two letters from Japan, written by John A. Church and Mrs. J. P. Campbell, son-in-law and daughter of our worthy townsman, Judge Peel. They have gone to Japan as missionaries, depriving themselves of all the comforts and luxuries of American civilization, to labor in the field of usefulness among a benighted people. Their letters are very interesting, and show that their hearts are in the cause, for which they are laboring.—Epitaph.

Sudden Death.

Dr. Flint's Heart Remedy will prolong life by preventing those sudden deaths from heart disease, which brings untold grief to families, often plunging into poverty, because of the untimely disease of the breadwinner. At druggists, \$1.50. Descriptive treatise with each bottle; or address J. J. Mack & Co., S. F.

FROM SATURDAY'S DAILY.

A. Wollenberg & Co. have a new sign out in front of their Montezuma Street store.

Freights rates to Prescott are now about the same as they were formerly to Ash Fork.

Dr. Cox has five snakes, five lizards, twenty-eight toads, one water dog and two mice in his "happy family" cage.

Readers of the Courier would not recognize some of the correspondents of that paper, as gentlemen, by the tone of their writing.

S. D. Lount, of Phoenix, is visiting his brother, Geo. Lount, in this place. Mr. Lount owns and operates an ice factory in the garden city.

The coat of armor worn by the editor of this paper, referred to by our morning contemporary, is truth, justice and right. It is a pretty good armor too.

Sam Hill received a lot of barbed wire, granite ware and a varied assortment of hardware yesterday. He says a boom is inevitable and is preparing accordingly for it.

"Truthful Jesus" was our rect. We shot at a dog, and our only regret is, that owing to the nervousness of the steed which we were astride, our aim missed its mark.

Our friend Maroon, of the Prescott Garden, tells us that he is kept quite busy shipping plants to many parts of Yavapai county. He knows that printer's ink has helped many a man to build up a good trade.

The earthquake appears to have disturbed the mental equilibrium of several people. No less than six persons in Tucson have been reported as laboring under fits of insanity, all of whom have been affected since the disturbance of this section of mother earth.—Citizen.

A well written communication, on the editorial page, in reference to an irrigating enterprise for the Verde valley, is well worth a perusal of our readers. The enterprise is a feasible one, and one which if carried out, would no doubt result in big returns to investors in it.

Prescott has scores of worthless dogs, which should be exterminated by the city authorities. A number of ladies, while riding on horseback, have recently had narrow escapes from being thrown by having these worthless canines run out at the heels of their horses.

Little Miss Elsie Herzog, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Herzog, entertained quite a number of her young friends to-day, at the family residence, celebrating her fifth birthday. The little folks enjoyed themselves in play, while a sumptuous repast of the most tempting viands, prepared by Mrs. Herzog, was served to them.

Paquot, the famous old chief of the Yumas, died Sunday night, and was cremated with all the imposing and barbaric ceremonies due to his exalted rank. The souls of the horses composing his extensive stud, accompanied that of their master as it was waited to the happy hunting grounds, and now the tribe mourns the loss of one chief and about twenty Kaysee ponies.—Herald.

The Piedmont Cattle company, whose range is at Martinez, in this county, but has its business office in New York, at the annual meeting held May 4th, elected the following board of directors: C. H. Dillingham, W. H. Bates, D. C. Bates, H. S. Van Buren, T. Chaddbourne and W. G. Bates. Wells H. Bates was then elected president, C. Dillingham, vice president and treasurer, and D. C. Bates, secretary.

The editor of the Courier, who aims to never tell the truth, and seldom misses his aim, insinuates that the editor of this paper is on the warpath, and has made threats against the anonymous scribbles of that sheet. Of course everybody knows better. We have been compelled, in self-defense, to give the slimy things a turning over, and will continue for the defense. There is no occasion for indulging in personalities in a newspaper, as it is neither edifying, nor instructive to its readers, and the patrons of this paper will bear us out in the assertion that we have never yet been the aggressor in any personal newspaper controversy.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY.

Sam Hill has gone to Walnut Grove on business.

I. Mercier left for Albuquerque this afternoon.

E. H. Withersell, of the Coyote Spring ranch, is in town.

Under Sheriff Geo. C. Waddell is reported seriously ill.

Silver is quoted at 95 1/2 per ounce. Lead is \$4.30 per 100 pounds.

J. W. Dougherty and family left for their Oak creek ranch to-day.

E. H. Withersell will ship several car loads of horses to Kansas, soon.

Mechanics are putting the finishing touches on the new freight depot.

The new side track to the freight and passenger depot is almost completed.

Joe Long has "downed" the rheumatism, and is again wrestling with a paint brush.

C. H. Bennett took out a load of tools to-day with which he will repair the Peck road.

Geo. W. Sines and J. W. Wilson have gone to Walnut Grove to take a look at the big dam.

J. H. A. Marsh will go out to Coyote Spring ranch to-morrow to do some work for Mr. Withersell.

A platform station will be erected at Whippie, in front of W. G. Oliver's store, shortly.

A Concord stage load of passengers left last evening for the Piedmont Cattle company's ranch, at Martinez.

Chief Justice Wright is winning the good opinions of the press and people of this territory, wherever he goes.

Fifteen miles of track is now completed on the Mineral Belt railroad, and the work is being pushed ahead rapidly.

Parties having brood mares or fillies to exchange for a piano, can find a customer at Osborn Brothers' saddlery shop.

The Mohave County Miner says it is very well satisfied that the mantle so ably worn by ex-Chief Justice Howard

has fallen on worthy shoulders, in the person of Chief Justice Wright.

General McDonnell, superintendent of the construction of the Mineral Belt railroad, arrived in Prescott on yesterday's train.

Judge John A. Rush and family returned yesterday from a six weeks' visit in California. They express themselves pleased to get home.

C. M. Strauss, territorial superintendent of public instruction, is paying an official visit to Northern Arizona, and made this office a call.

Superintendent Sands gave \$100 in cash and an annual pass to the shepherd, who gave the alarm of the burned bridge near Fairview.

The Journal-Miner's notice of the Walnut Grove Water Storage company's big enterprise has been copied extensively by our exchanges.

Col. Burnham, president of the St. Louis-Yavapai Mine and Milling company, came in on yesterday's train, with J. W. Cover, of the same company.

Cash will buy fresh vegetables, raised by white labor, at the Prescott gardens, cheaper than they can be had of Chinese peddlers. Read the advertisement in this issue.

Dr. C. H. Castle has removed his office and residence to the east side of plaza, in the building next door to the Hood and Horn office, formerly occupied by J. M. More.

The postoffice department has issued orders for the making up of mail pouches for the Whippie postoffice, and Mr. Oliver expects to have that institution open for business to-morrow.

Children's day, of the M. E. Church south, was observed by the West Prescott Sunday school, last evening, with appropriate exercises. The church was beautifully decorated and the exercises of the evening interesting.

J. E. Anderson came in to-day from Coyote Spring ranch with a bloody bandage around his head. Too much familiarity with a broncho was the cause of the bandage.

About fifty ladies and gentlemen attended the picnic on Saturday. The day was one of unalloyed pleasure and enjoyment to all who attended. A number of swings were erected, a croquet ground was staked off and occupied, and many other games indulged in.

Cameron H. King has commenced, in the Phoenix Gazette, the publication of a series of articles relating to the work of the code commission. He says the forthcoming laws will not be a code, but simply revised laws, and as such have been christened "The Revised Statutes of Arizona."

Revs. J. C. Houghton and J. M. Green returned Friday from a two weeks' visit to the Grand canyon. The latter met with an accident on the trip, whereby he will probably be deprived of a fine horse. They had visited the bottom of the canyon, making the descent over a rough and very precipitous trail. They had just started on their upward journey, when their horses became frightened, and Mr. Green's lost its balance and fell over the cliff, fifty feet to the bottom of the canyon. It was not dead, strange to say, when they left it, but was likely to die.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY.

Mrs. Stephen Ross came in on to-day's train.

Jacob Mafford has filed his stock brand for record.

A. Aiken has the agency in Prescott for the Louisiana lottery.

Tickets for the Knights of Phythias ball, May 27th, are now out.

Annie Hamilton died this morning, after a lingering illness of several weeks.

Hon. Levi Bashford and wife returned to-day from their visit to the Grand canyon.

Superintendent Strauss compliments our public school and its teachers very highly.

There is but little, if any improvement in the condition of Under Sheriff Waddell.

Mrs. N. Ellis will leave for San Francisco to-morrow to spend the summer with relatives.

Buy your Louisiana State Lottery tickets of A. Aiken, who has the agency for the same, in Prescott.

The advertisement for the ball, to be given by the Knights of Phythias, will be found in this issue.

Kentucky sour mash whisky double standard goods and genuine Tennessee white rye at the Cob Web.

Four hundred and fifty tickets for the June drawing of the Louisiana lottery, have been received in Prescott.

Major Parker, Captain Foote and Lieutenant Glasford returned yesterday from their visit to the Grand canyon.

Superintendent C. M. Strauss and County School Superintendent W. O. O'Neill visited the public schools yesterday.

Frank Ryland has filed a patent to 160 acres of land, received from the United States in 1882, with the county recorder.

Chas. P. Williams has deeded a water right and a ten stamp mill to Moses H. Sherman. Its location is not stated on the deed.

Balsac said that "nothing was irredeemably ugly but sin." But then Balsac died without having seen Zulick.—Champion.

Spring rodeos have been abandoned or postponed in a number of districts, in this county, owing to short grass and poor cattle.

Three car loads of freight came in on to-day's train, and there are three car loads more at the Junction, to come in to-morrow.

Lieut. Glasford expects his wife and two children to arrive at Whippie on Saturday. He is correspondingly happy at the prospect.

We learn that Judge A. D. Lemon and family, of Phoenix, will spend the summer in Prescott, having rented a house for that purpose.

There are quite a number of commercial travelers in town at present. There is considerable kicking among them, over the payment of a license, but as yet no one has refused payment to test

the law. Under decision of the United States Supreme court, there is no question about its invalidity, if it were tested.

The partitions and other improvements of the Rifles old armory building have been removed, their guns packed up and the company retired from service.

Nathan Ellis has purchased the ten stamp mill, of Captain Brann on Turkey creek, for the Clarence Ruby Mining and Milling company, and will remove it to that property in Lost Creek district.

Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Moore, Miss Adda Moore and Will Palmer left to-day for a visit to the Moore ranch at Walnut Grove. They will be joined at Skull valley by Miss Olick Dickson, and a dance will be given at the ranch, the latter part of the week.

Pictures of the picnic group, taken by Mr. Baer on Saturday last, are now ready, and parties desiring them should give their orders. Considering the number in the group, the picture is an exceedingly fine one, each member of it being easily recognized.

East Prescott people are annoyed with a "cow with a crumpled horn" which worries them greatly by her destruction of everything green. Gates and bars have no terror for her, as she circumvents them. Out of a couple of scores of cows kept by citizens of the town, there are probably to be two or three which trouble or annoy their neighbors.

A man named James Murray, came in from Flagstaff yesterday for treatment in the hospital. Before reaching it, he dropped to the sidewalk, where he was found in a semi-unconscious condition, and was removed to the hospital, where he died this morning. He was suffering with pneumonia and inflammation of the bowels.

OUR MINES.

Items of Interest from Various Mining Districts of This County.

Cherry creek mines are coming to the front as gold producers.

O'Neill and Martin are taking out good gold ore from a Turkey creek claim.

Frank Duffy, of Lynx creek, is pushing up on his Diamond claim, and is taking out good ore.

Wm. Hall commenced work on a lot of ore to-day, at Clark & Adams mill, from one of Dan Hart's mines.

Diamond J. has at present about forty men employed in the Bradshaw country, and will increase shortly to 150 or 200.

Jules Baumann has two men at work on the El Chalm, under lease in the Hassayampa district, who are taking out good ore.

Mulvenon and Hoach continue development on their claim in Turkey creek, from which they have taken out several thousand dollars' worth of ore.

The new pump will soon be put in position in the Peck mine, and when the water is pumped out work will be commenced on that property again.

Chas. Wallace has teams engaged delivering five tons of ore to the sampling works, from the Linella claim, on Turkey creek. It will average about \$200 per ton.

Mr. Jones, owner of the Aztlan mill, started up the mill yesterday on a one hundred tons lot of ore, for W. N. Kelley. He will then make a test run of his own mines.

Mr. Cockburn shipped three car loads of ore to the smelter to-day. He has his sampling works still full and a large quantity piled up on the outside.

F. W. Mitchell and partners are developing a fine looking gold mine in Turkey creek, near the Pine spring mine. They have a fine body of ore now in sight.

N. Ellis is pushing work as rapidly as possible, getting ready to erect his mill on the Clarence Ruby mining property. He has the mine well opened up, there being over one thousand tons of ore now in sight.

Col. Bigelow is developing the "Clear Quill" claim, in the Hassayampa district, and is getting out good ore. "Clear Quill" is an appropriate name, for such a veteran in journalism, as Col. Bigelow is, to work on.

Arrangements have been made with the railroad company, for the transportation of freight, in and out from Jerome, which looks for the early starting up of the works of the United Verde Copper company, at that place.

M. C. Trout, a well known mining man in the Casa Grande district, met with an accident Friday, that will in all probability prove fatal. He was at work in a shaft, had sent up a bucket to the surface, the parties working the windlass detached the bucket from the rope and set it on a board that was lying across the mouth of the shaft. By accident the bucket slipped from the board and fell with the above result.

Patrons of the telegraph line continue to complain of the imperfect service. A gentleman, who sent a telegram from Flagstaff recently, arrived in Prescott ahead of the telegram. We hope that Superintendent L. H. Wilson will investigate these causes of delay, and adopt means to remedy them as it is important for us to have good telegraph connections. As soon as the line is transferred along the line of the railroad to Seligman, we are satisfied that Mr. Wilson can give satisfactory service, if not before.

The transfer of the Signal mine and mill by Hugo Richards and others, to the new company, has been completed, the consideration being in the neighborhood of \$65,000. Mr. Findley, the superintendent, and Mr. Druke, the mill man of the new company, have already been at work for some days past. The mill is being renovated, and the road from the mine to the mill put in first class order. We understand that the ten stamps of the mill will commence pounding ore as soon as money and men can make them.—Mohave Miner.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. S. Hutchinson.

OUR TERRITORY.

Chips From Our Territorial Exchanges.

Phoenix had ripe apricots May 8th. Holbrook has a new Masonic lodge. The Colorado river is rising rapidly. Phoenix will shortly have two more papers.

Phoenix is organizing an immigration society.

Florence wants a tinsmith and photographer.

MY FATHER--A MEMORY.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

The tender angel that he knew
Came to him from the starlit blue,
And when his last life had sped,
Soft heavenly fingers touched his head.

The angel spoke: "Behold in me
God's herald from eternity,
On earth thy spirit saw in mine
Clear guidance to the Love Divine.

Therefore I bless thee, ere we go
To realms no mortal man may know,
To heights beyond the utmost reach
Of yearning human thought and speech."

My father's voice grew clear and sweet,
He knelt beside the angel's feet,
"All hail," said he, "show me the goal
Where sin is lifted from the soul."

"Oh take me through the voice of space
To meet God's mercy face to face!
Long have I heard thy sacred call,
Lead me to Christ, who died for all!"

But hark dear angel, this deep woe,
From wounds that never yet have healed,
Let those who love me when unseen
Keep in their hearts my memory green."

The angel answered: "O'er thy dust
True love abides and cherishes thy trust."
Then, clad in truth's unfading light,
They journeyed upward to the bright.

BASE BALL IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Luke Sharp, in Detroit Press.

A long time ago, when I was young, base ball was the popular game, as it is now, but instead of being spectators we were the players. It was no great game, but it was to sit and look at a game of ball. Everybody who amounted to anything was a player, and the social standing of the boys in the village was reckoned according to their proficiency in what has since become the national game of America.

Balls and bats were home made. The owner of a popular bat or real good ball was second only in respect to a good catcher or pitcher or a first-rate batsman. Generally the fellow who could make a real good ball wasn't worth a cent at batting, and so neither side wanted him, and yet if he were not chosen on one side or the other he would simply pocket his ball in a huff and block the game. The fellow who owned the ball was the autocrat of the grounds. Often while the game was going on I have known some one to offend him, and he would say: "Oh, well, all right, then; get another ball."

And he would then pick up his property and move off, leaving us all lamenting, until a conciliation committee would surround him and smooth things down and apologize, and at last he, generally with seeming reluctance, throw the ball in the field again. It was an understood thing that the owner of a ball was not under any circumstances to be offended.

The making of a ball was an art in itself. One or two old woolen stockings were captured and cut off at the heel so that the yarn would unravel well. The core of the ball was a piece of rubber; a bit of an old rubber shoe did very well. This was to make the ball bounce, an important thing in those days, for a ball caught on the first bounce was out. The yarn was tightly wound around this rubber core until the ball was of the requisite diameter. Sometimes it was covered and sometimes not. The covering of the ball was a very difficult art that few of the boys ever attained. This fact always gave the son of the village shoemaker the pull over the rest of us boys, for he got his father to cover the ball with leather in a manner that none of us could hope to imitate, and his interest with the old man effectually shut out the rest of us. This was the more easily done as the old man knew mighty well there was no money in ball covering. I once broke down the monopoly of the shoemaker's son by getting the local harness-maker to cover a ball for me, but he never would do it again. It took too much valuable time. He told me that he would rather make a set of harness than cover another ball. Nevertheless, it had a good effect in taking down in a measure the arrogance of the shoemaker's boy. The necessity for leather covering could be got rid of by sewing the yarn on the outside of the ball with strong thread over and over again till the surface was one compact mass. This made a very good ball that bounced better than the leather covered one, but it was not so lasting. It would usually take the most interesting part of the game as the proper time to unravel in, and then go flying over the field like a comet with a long tail of yarn after it. The coming of that yarn tail showed us that its usefulness had departed.

When the boys had assembled in the field for a game, a couple of the best players were chosen for captains. One took a base ball bat and tossed it to the other, who caught it near the middle. Then captain No. 1 placed his hand around the bat and close over the clutch of the other captain, and so they went hand over hand until the top of the bat was reached. The fellow who had the last clutch got the first choice of the men at hand. This first choice was recognized as a very important matter, and the captain had sometimes to suffer for the stand he made to secure it. He would often insist there was room on the end of the bat for his clutch, when, in fact, there was not, and the matter was decided in a brutal Spartan manner. A partisan of the other captain was allowed to take another bat and pound on the end of the tossing bat. If the captain's hand was too high it caught the blows instead of the end of the bat. Still I have known gritty fellows set their teeth and stand the requisite number of blows, although the hand was bleeding when the ordeal was over. Some fellows were very expert in catching the tossed bat. I knew a boy who would catch it every time in such a way that the resulting hand over

hand business invariably left his hand on top.

The sides were then chosen until the whole panel was exhausted. There was no nine on a side restrictions in those days, and when one man was out the whole side was out. There was not much method about the fielding. The boys scattered themselves about as they saw fit. A number of the most useless members on both sides generally sat on the fence, because over was out, and the moment a ball went over the fence there was a simultaneous dive of all the fellows on the fence and a wild scramble for the ball. If some one on the batsman's side got the ball it was not out, if a fellow on the other side, then the other side went to bat.

If the batsman struck at a ball and the catcher caught it he was out. There were no four strikes or five balls business, and the batsman did not need to run unless he felt satisfied that he struck the ball far enough to make

out in every sense of the word. If I remember rightly the fourth "gool" was home, and as the runner hopped across it he yelled at the top of his voice, "tally one!" This was an intimation to the "official scorer" to cut another notch in the stick with his jack-knife. It was a great honor to be allowed to keep the tally. The official scorer usually sat on the fence and chewed tobacco. He had a long stick and on one edge of this he cut notches to represent the runs of one club, and on the other side the notches showed the runs made by the opposing crowd. Every now and then some one would ask him how the game stood, and he would reply: "169 to 204," or whatever the score was. "There was no nothing to one" in those days.

We never had an umpire. As the game was then played there was no chance for close decisions. The only point that left a chance for a wrangle was whether or not the man was on the base at the time he was hit by the ball. But if the hit was a good sound one, the man generally sat down on the field where he was, and had no disposition to dispute the fact that he was struck.

I shall never forget the day when a hard ball was first introduced on the grounds. I was pitching. I wasn't doing as well as might be expected that day, and the batters were knocking the ball over the township. My pitching was making our side tired--especially the fielders. Young Allison was on center field, and he was kept trotting after the ball till it got past being at all funny. He thought it was about time to give me a gentle hint that my pitching was not up to the league standard. In racing after the ball when a home run was scored, he picked up a round stone about the size of the ball we were using, and, putting the ball in his pocket, he threw the stone from the center field to where I stood. I caught it. I thought the end of the world had come. It seemed to drive my wrist clear up into my elbow. That ended my pitching for that season. It has always been a matter of regret with me that I was never able to thrash Allison for that throw.

Only Thirty-six Per Cent. of those who die from consumption inherit the disease. In all other cases it must either be contracted through carelessness, or, according to the new theory of tubercular parasites, received directly from others as an infectious disease. But in either case, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for the disease in its early stages. It is delay that is dangerous. If you are troubled with shortness of breath, spitting of blood, night-sweats or a lingering cough, do not hesitate to procure this sovereign remedy at once.

A dozen Indians in Arizona have gone on the war path, and Governor Torriz, of Sonora, has offered five hundred dollars each for the heads of the Apaches. It would be a shame if some of the frontier white men should kill innocent Indians for the reward. There are men mean enough to do anything. It was the same way here in Wisconsin when there was a big reward for wolf scalps. Men raised wolves for the scalps and imported scalps from Iowa. --Peck's Sun.

According to Mother Goose, when a man marries his trouble begins, but experience teaches him that some evils can be remedied. Hence when it is needed he procures a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge, a preparation that will cure all the children on the globe if they are troubled with worms. White's Cream Vermifuge means Death to Worms.

Why He Didn't Frequent Saloons. Kentucky State Journal.

"That Mr. Holding must be an awful nice man," said Mrs. Smith to Sam Bluster yesterday evening. "I never see him hangin' about the saloons."

"No," replied Sam, "He hasn't time to hang around saloons. He is kept busy at home thrashing his wife."

The cleansing, antiseptic and healing qualities of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are unequalled.

AN EDITOR'S ADVENTURE.

Atlanta Constitution.

Larry Gantt, of the *Banner-Watchman*, went to Gainesville to deliver an agriculture lecture. The town was crowded with visitors, and he was told that he could not find accommodation at the Johnson House.

He arrived quite late at night. Several men were around the register, and he awaited his turn to enter his name. The man who held the book was interrupted for a moment, and turned around to speak to one of the party of which he was a member.

Gantt wrote his name in the book, and seeing a friend, turned to two chairs around the stove for a chat.

The man who held the book, having finished the conversation, again proceeded to the registration of his party, and not noticing Gantt's signature, wrote his names immediately following, which, when finished, he enclosed in a bracket, and wrote "Up" states

After awhile the editor, being sleepy, approached the clerk, and asked to be shown his room.

"Your name, sir?" he was asked. "There, sir," he replied, placing his finger on his hieroglyphical scrawl.

"You can't go till your guard comes for you," said the clerk.

"Till my guard comes? What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed Gantt.

"Your guard said 'Up' states in a moment. So just keep quiet."

"If I can't get my room, I'll leave your house, and I am tired of this foolishness," thundered Gantt, moving toward the door.

"Hold up! Halt!" yelled the clerk, pistol in hand. "Your guard told me to watch you men till his return, and I am just the man to do it," and with that he leveled his pistol at the face of the irate and astonished editor, who, thinking he had met a lunatic, calmed down.

"That's a fine scrape you boys have got into," remarked the clerk, after he had laid aside his shooter.

"What scrape, and what boys?" said Gantt.

"Oh, I have had that game played on me before, but the dodge won't work this time," responded the watchful knight of the diamond pin. "If you all can't make whisky without paying your license, you ought to be caught."

"Whisky! License! What are you talking about, man?" said Gantt. "I don't know anything about making whisky nor what you are raving about, and I want to go."

"That's the same old story, but it won't work. I hope you'll get off light, when you get before Judge Newman in Atlanta, but you might as well own up. Did they catch all seven of you together?" asked the clerk.

"What seven?"

"Why, these seven here on the register with your name," answered the deputy guard, pointing to the bracketed names on the book.

"Do you take me for an illicit distiller?" exclaimed Gantt.

Just then a friend came in and identified him, whereupon he was released by the clerk, who said: "Well, sir, there ain't a single unoccupied room in the house; but, if you'll take it, I'll give you mine, if you won't say anything about what's happened."

Connecticut Heard From--Saves Time, Health and Money.

Mr. Jas. Raymond, Greenwich, Conn., writes: "This is to certify that I have used your Hughes' Tonic with best success, and have also recommended it to my friends, who say it always cures. In cases where months were formerly lost from occupation by taking a few doses of this tonic, chills and fever are kept off, thereby saving time, health and money."

Prepared by R. A. Robinson & Co., Wholesale Druggists, Louisville, Ky. Sold at retail by Druggists generally.

Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Alice, who instantly sets up a cry of despair.

Uncle Jack--"What's the matter, Alice?"

Alice (weeping)--"You've drunk up my aquarium, and you've swallowed my three pollywogs." --Harvard Lampoon.

Young, as well as married ladies, who have by some exposure, become irregular, pale and feeble, with headache, leucorrhoea, falling of womb, should take Dr. Dromgoolle's English Female Bitters.

Mrs. X--(who has been talking)--"But I see your mind is on some business matter, George. I'm afraid I'm interrupting you." Mr. X--(reflecting on the mees of yesterday)--"Oh, no--no--go ahead! I'm not listening." --Buffalo Commercial.

We take pleasure in recommending the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer as safe and reliable for restoring gray hair to its natural color.

Canned goods, according to the *Analyst*, should be eaten on the day they are opened. The Philadelphia *Call* wonders if anybody ever tried eating canned goods the day before they were opened.

To regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, and to promote digestion, take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills every night. Try them.

"E. L. Harper's right name is 'Hopper.'" Ah? We think his name is "Dennis." --Kentucky State Journal.

Man's Height.

Youth's Companion.

Men of the present day have no occasion to feel humiliated because they are not taller and larger than they are. There is no reason, in the discoveries of science, for the supposition that men, as a whole, have ever had a greater average height than they have now. For a long time, at Rome, in France, near the junction of the Isere and Rhone rivers, there existed a deposit of gigantic bones which had long been known as the "Giant's Field."

In recent times bones have been exhumed there which were believed to be human, and which were said to be those of Teutobodus, the king of the Teutons, who was overthrown near the spot by Marius, the Roman general. The researches of Cuvier, however, proved that these bones, together with the others exhumed in the same place, were those of the *Megatherium*, a gigantic animal of the tapir species, which measured about twenty feet in length.

The myth of a race of giants has its counterpart in those other creatures of the imagination, the pigmies. These fabled people, who were so small that a stalk of grass was a tree to them, when they chopped down with tiny hatchets and brush-hooks, were said to inhabit Ethiopia. They were supposed to be the cranes, but the cranes, in turn, were said to be the pigmies, and the pigmies were said to be the cranes.

They lived at first, according to the fable, in Thrace, but were driven out of Europe by the cranes, and took refuge in Ethiopia. It is now commonly supposed that the pigmies were nothing more nor less than monkeys of small size, like the marmoset. The pigmy's warfare with the crane was probably the one grain of exact truth which survived in the tradition.

The stories of the pigmies belong with the fables of the giants. The men of ancient times were of the same, or nearly the same height, of those of the present day. The doors of the ancient houses, the ancient armor, the Egyptian mummies, as well as the bones of fossil men, prove that there has been little or no variation.

Among famous tall men was the Roman Emperor Maximian, whose stature was seven and three-quarters feet. Maximian was a young barbarian, the son of a Gothic father, who first attracted the attention of the Romans by overcoming sixteen of their strongest men, one after another, in a wrestling contest, and, having been made a centurion, fought and intrigued his way to the imperial throne.

The normal stature of men and women ranges between four feet and six feet four inches. Those who exceed the latter height may be called giants, while those who are below four feet are called dwarfs. There have been dwarfs scarcely one foot six inches in height, but even these have been considerably taller than the fabled pigmies of antiquity.

Preferred Death to a Chestnut.

Nashville Banner.

When a funny story is suddenly recalled to a man's mind by some circumstance, the desire to tell it is suddenly irresistible. This was peculiarly so of old Jimmy Crawford. He was going down the creek one day on a raft, when one of the raftsmen was struck by an oar and knocked into the raging flood. The incident suggested something ludicrous to old Jimmy, and instead of plunging in after his comrade, he drew as near to him as he could safely and said: "Your falling in there reminds me of a little thing that occurred about twenty years--" But the man had gone down never to rise again.

It is now said that girls are frequently made cross-eyed from eating strawberries. This story was very likely started by the same class of young men who have claimed that ice cream causes freckles. The boys who cannot afford to buy many luxuries for girls look upon ice cream saloons and strawberry festivals as inventions of the enemy. --Peck's Sun.

J. A. H. OWENS, Charlestown, Ind., says: Wintersmith's Tonic is the best child medicine I have ever used. It is a sure cure.

A young girl who lately died in Auburn, N. Y., had preserved the love letters of thirty-one different young men. She made good use of her time, and her early death is attributed to the fact that she read the letters from the thirty-one different young men. They would have killed an older and tougher female. --Norristown Herald.

Are you going to Chicago via Cincinnati or Louisville? If so, buy your ticket by the "Monon" route. It is the daisy line between the Ohio river cities and Chicago.

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier, by its vitalizing properties, will brighten pale cheeks, and transform a pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health and beauty.

The "Monon" route is the shortest, speediest, safest and best between Louisville and Chicago.

A meteor is something like an Irishman. Its disappearance is followed by a wake. --Pittsburg Bulletin.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Noble Soldiers.

Chambers' Journal.

The Haytians are an intensely vain people, and the thing they most pride themselves on is their army. Nothing will convince them that as a military power they are not vastly superior to any nation, either in the old or new world. Even those who have lived in European capitals are addicted to this extremely ridiculous "baldersdash," but when the real facts are presented, the state of affairs disclosed is simply sublime in its absurdity. The Haytian army must present to a European observer a spectacle of grotesqueness the equal of which it would be difficult to find anywhere, either in fact or fiction. Imagine a battalion on parade, consisting of thirteen private soldiers and six drummers, the rest of the men--the author quaintly puts it--"making it unnecessary to present themselves except on payday." The staff officers are clad in the most gorgeous uniforms procurable, while the men are habited in a motley array of tatters. Some have coats wanting one arm, the collar or the tail. The headgear may consist of dilapidated hako, a straw hat, wideawake, or in many cases merely a handkerchief tied around the head. The officers hold the sword in one hand, and in the other a cane, and the cane carries his musket in the position he finds most convenient. The police look on with admiring eyes, and gravely ask if finer troops can anywhere be found. The Haytian black, however, thoroughly detests military service, and consequently the sentries, lest they should be over-fatigued, are considerably provided with chairs.

SKIN AND SCALP

Cleansed, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies.

For cleansing the Skin and Scalp of Disfiguring Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scaly Head, Scrofula and other inherited Skin and Blood Diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

A COMPLETE CURE. I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA Remedies. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be--a complete cure. BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va. Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

SALT RHEUM CURED. I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a number of years, so that the skin entirely came off of one of my hands from the finger tips to the wrist. I tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to no purpose until I commenced taking CUTICURA Remedies and now I am entirely cured. E. T. PARKER, 379 Northampton St., Boston.

ITCHING, SCALY, PIMPLY. For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by CUTICURA. MRS. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

NO MEDICINE LIKE THEM. We have sold your CUTICURA REMEDIES for the last six years, and no medicines on our selves give better satisfaction. C. F. ALBERTSON, Druggist, Albany, N. Y.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 51 cents; RESOLVENT, 50c; SOAP, 25 cents. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." GRUBS, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and Baby Humors, cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

I ACHE ALL OVER. Neuralgia, Sciatic, Sudden, Sharp and Nervous Pains, Strains and Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. New and perfect. At druggists, 25 cents; five for \$1.00. Potter Drug and Chemical Company, Boston.

Gained 15 Pounds. "I have been a great sufferer from Torpid Liver and Dyspepsia. Every thing I ate disagreed with me until I began taking

Tutt's Pills I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds in one month." W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

ARMSTRONG SPRING White County, Ark., Will Positively Cure

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys

And ALL Kidney Troubles. Structure of the Bladder, Gravel, Dropsy, Torpid Liver, Enlarged Spleen, Dyspepsia, Nervous Paralysis, Muscular Rheumatism, Blood Diseases and all diseases peculiar to females. Dr. J. T. Hamilton, re-ident physician. Correspondence free. 11-17.

Mrs. M. A. VAN ALSTINE, Proprietress.

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VICTOR CHILL CURE.

A Speedy and Permanent Cure for Chills and Fever, Malarial and Swamp Fevers.

NEVER FAILS.

PRICE, 50 CENTS. FIVE BOTTLES, \$2.00.

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We have always on hand the largest and best selected stock of French and English Suits and Dress Goods in the city.

CASTORIA
Mother's
Great Medicine
for
Children.
Physicians recommend Castoria.
Mothers rely upon Castoria.
Children cry for Castoria.

HUGHES' TONIC.
SURE AND SPEEDY REMEDY FOR
Chills and Fever.
It will Cure the Most Obstinate Cases.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

PREPARED BY
P. A. BOZON & CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
BOZZONI'S
MEDICATED
COMPLEXION
POWDER.
GREATEST BARGAINS
EVER OFFERED.

Guitars, with machine head, splendid tone, with steel strings, postpaid box, \$1.00.
Accordeons, warranted, two sets of reeds, mellow edges, good finish, one set, \$2.50.
Accordeons, two sets of reeds, double bass, metal corners and clasps, loud tone, \$3.50.
Accordeons, double bass, metal corners and clasps, eighteen buttons, large size, two sets of reeds, \$4.50.
Harp violins well strung, with playing with bow, metal and postpaid box, \$1.00.
Harp violins, double-lined, a first-class instrument, \$1.00.
Banjos, 11-inch sheep-skin head, 6 brackets, \$1.50.
Banjos, 11-inch calf-skin head, 6 brackets, \$2.00.
Richter harmonicas, best hand-tuned, no trash, but easy blowing, 10 holes, .15.
Violins, Copy of Stradivari, full ebony trimmed, excellent tone, with Brazilian bow, wood case and rosin, \$10.
Goods will be sent C. O. D. when prepaying express charges.
ADOLPH COHN,
317 Main Street, - Little Rock, Ark.
(Mention this paper.)

RED CROSS COUGH DROPS 50c PER BOX
WEAK, UNDEVELOPED PARTS of the body enlarged and strengthened. Full particulars sent (sealed) free. **ERIE MEDICAL CO., Buffalo, N. Y.**
SEE HERE! Why not save one half on 100 useful articles? Send for catalogue. Big pay to Agents. **CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.**

HAIR REMOVED! From any part of the body in 10 minutes, without injury to the skin, by **UPHAM'S DEPLATORY POWDER**. Applied, (securely sealed), for \$1.00. Sealed Pamphlet FREE. For sale of all Druggists. Ask for it. Don't be put off with something else. **S. C. WELLS, P. O. Box 1207, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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A SURE CURE FOR
PILES, SALT RHEUM
and all skin diseases. A new method of compounding Tar. A Cure guaranteed, or money refunded. Sold by druggists, and at the office of **TAR-OLD CO., 75 RANDOLPH ST. CHICAGO, ILL.**



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Business College in the World
 Gold Medal over all other Colleges for Service to Book-Keeper Education. 8000 Graduates have employed. Cost of Full Business Education and Board, about \$100.00. Writing & Typographer, graduates New, working place contracts with business firms.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to take any other instead, it is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

WINNEMUCCA Bottling Works.

HENRY BUSCH, PROPRIETOR.

Keeps constantly on hand freshly manufactured

SODA WATER, Sarsaparilla, GINGER ALE, Etc., Etc.

All kinds of MINERAL WATER constantly on hand.

SYRUPS

Of every desirable flavor, and the celebrated

CHAMPAGNE CIDER.

"The continuance of his wholesale and retail customers is solicited, and all are invited to visit his salerooms."

HENRY BUSCH.

Winnemucca, May 2, 1885.

MILL CITY AND UNIONVILLE STAGE LINE.

Stages leave Mill City for Unionville on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7:30 o'clock A. M.

Persons desiring to visit Unionville on other than stage days, can be accommodated by notifying the undersigned, by letter or telegraph, the evening previous.

PETER ORGAN, Proprietor Mill City and Unionville Stage Line. Mill City, Feb. 28, 1887.

HOMER DAVIS, Blacksmith

WAGON MAKER!

NEAR THE DEPOT, WINNEMUCCA, NEV.

Freight, Light and Spring WAGONS Made to Order.

AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED STUDEBAKER WAGONS.

These Wagons have the genuine Concord axle, are fully warranted, and will be sold as low as the ordinary Wagons.

Examine the STUDEBAKER WAGON, and ask for prices before purchasing elsewhere.

Hardwood Lumber, Iron, CUMBERLAND COAL.

Always on hand and for sale at prices to suit times.

HOMER DAVIS.

HENRY E. ROLL, NOTARY PUBLIC, PARADISE, NEVADA, Office in Weighel's Hotel.

Acknowledgments taken. Collections made. Protests filed. All kinds of Land Business promptly attended to.

Agent for Pacific Mutual Life and Accident Insurance Company of California, Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, Pennsylvania Fire Insurance Company, and Phoenix of Brooklyn.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, with Deane's Patent Index; Noyes' Book-Holder; HILL'S MANUAL; and the American reprint of the ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA; and others of Blakely & Co's Publications.

40 VEHICLES FOR SALE.

The undersigned has FORTY VEHICLES ranging in size and style from a 15,000-Fr. Freight Wagon to a single-seater Runny, which he will sell or lease, or exchange for horses or barley.

For more and others, desiring Spring Wagons of almost any style, can be accommodated by calling on me at the Fashion Livery Stables.

ALEX. WISE.

Winnemucca, August 7, 1885.

ELEPHANT MYTHS.

The attention of Greek and Roman naturalists was early drawn to the tusks and bones of fossil elephants, which are so abundant in the soil of Europe, from which they constructed vast giants. Thus we have the bones of Orestes dug up at Tegea by the Spartans, the skeleton of Antaeus in Mauritania, that of Ajax in Asia Minor, a giant forty-six cubits high found in Crete, and a host of others. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny and Philostratus give much space to descriptions of these monsters. Even the Christian fathers did not disdain to make use of these tales. St. Augustine, in proof of the greater statue of the Antediluvians, says: "I myself, along with some others, saw on the shore at Utica a man's molar too h of such size that, if it were cut down into teeth such as we have, a hundred, I fancy, could have been made out of it."

Medieval literature abounds in giants. A monstrous one was found in England in 1171; the bones of Polyphemus were dug up in Sicily, and from time to time such remains were discovered all over Europe, and as the finders always knew the particular individual to whom the bones belonged, many duly labeled were hung up in the churches. Thus an elephant's shoulder-blade did duty for St. Christopher in a Venetian church, and the bones of Teutobochus, King of the Teutons (now known to be a mastodon's skeleton), were, according to Mazuya, found in a brick tomb bearing the inscription, "Teutobochus rex." Felix Plater's famous giant, which still figures in the arms of Lucerne, arose from some elephant remains found in 1577. A large elephant's tooth was sent from Constantinople to Vienna and offered to the emperor for two thousand thalers. The discoverers pretended to have found it in a subterranean chamber at Jerusalem which bore the Chaldean inscription: "Here lies the giant Og." But this was too great a strain on the faith of a very credulous age, and the emperor, declined to purchase because, as Lambecius quaintly says, "The whole thing looked very like an imposition."

Don Quixote supported his chivalrous beliefs with similar evidence. "In the island of Sicily," he says, "there have been found long bones, and shoulder-bones so huge that their size manifests their owners to have been giants, and as big as great towers; for this truth geometry sets beyond doubt." But the catalogue of medieval giants would fill a volume, and a very considerable literature on "gigantology" dates from that time. The learned, however, did not always accept these myths. One favorite way of escaping the difficulty was to declare fossil bones and teeth to be mere sports of nature generated in the earth by the "tumultuous movements of terrestrial exhalations," as was held by the famous anatomist of Padua, Falloppio (1550), who even went so far as to consider the remains of Roman art mere natural impressions stamped on the soil. Father Kircher (1680) adopts the same notion, and ridicules the idea of such monstrous giants, adding that he had himself seen these teeth in all stages of manufacture. Swift satirizes this school, whose professors "have invented this wonderful solution of all difficulties, to the unspeakable advancement of human knowledge."—Prof. W. B. Scott, in Scribner's Magazine for April.

A revision of the west-bound freight tariff, to take effect under the Interstate law, shows a reduction from 50 to 42 cents per hundred pounds between Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and Chicago, Illinois. This reduction was not expected by shippers.

The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

THE PALACE SALOON.

Bridge Street, Winnemucca, Nevada.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

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FREE TREATISE

For the weak Nervous and Debilitated; how to regain Health. Strength and Vigor. HOME TREATMENT. For nervous and Mental Diseases. T. J. W. BATE & CO., Address DR. J. W. BATE & CO., 233 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eruption, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

RAILROAD MEAT MARKET.

BRIDGE STREET, WINNEMUCCA.

GEORGE BERK, Proprietor.

My patrons will find the Railroad Market supplied with the very best quality of BEEF, FISH, MUTTON, VEAL, ETC.

To be found in the State. My prices will be found reasonable. Meats shipped to all points on the Railroad and all orders promptly filled.

7Rt GIVE ME A CALL.

CITY BREWERY

Second Street, Winnemucca, Nevada.

JOHN DIEHL, PROPRIETOR.

I beg leave to inform the citizens of Winnemucca that I am now established in the BREWING BUSINESS, and will keep constantly on hand a first-class article of

PURE LAGER BEER

Made from the best quality of malt and hops.

Lager Beer Delivered Daily

To customers in all parts of the town of Winnemucca.

Orders from points along the railroad or elsewhere will be filled without delay.

Send orders to JOHN DIEHL, City Brewery, Winnemucca, May 14, 1884.

F. PEDRONI,

BRIDGE STREET, WINNEMUCCA.

PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER

—AND—

J. E. WELER.

All kinds of complicated Watches Cleaned and Repaired, and warranted for one year.

All kinds of Watches procured from the manufacturers for my customers, at short notice.

French Clocks, Musical Boxes, Organs, and Fine Jewelry Repaired.

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THE BUYER'S GUIDE

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Nervous Debility, Sexual Weakness, Exhausted System, Lost Manhood, and all the terrible effects of drinking in excess, and of self-abuse and excesses in mature years, dimness of vision, aversion to society, the vitiated passing unobserved in the urine, and other symptoms that lead to insanity and death. Young and Middle-aged Men suffering from the above should consult us at once. We guarantee in all such cases, CONSULTATION FREE. Chemical Analysis, including thorough microscopic examination of the urine, \$5. An honest opinion given in all cases. We furnish The Great Kidney Remedy, Dr. A. J. Cole's Vital Restorative, at \$3 a bottle, or four times the quantity, \$10. SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE.

To anyone suffering symptoms, sex and age. Address ENGLISH MEDICAL DISPENSARY, No. 11 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California. 11-12

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Museum of Anatomy,

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Go and see how to avoid disease, and how wonderfully you are made. Private office, 211 Geary Street. Consultation on Loss of Manhood and all Diseases of Men. 12-12

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Office in Mrs. Crook's Building, Main Street, Winnemucca.

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J. A. HANNAH. J. H. MACDONALD.

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Will practice in all the State and Federal Courts of Nevada.

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12-12

W. E. BOWEN,

CIVIL ENGINEER,

—AND—

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OF HUMBOLDT COUNTY, NEVADA.

Office at Winnemucca and Spring City, Nev.

Orders left at the County Recorder's Office will receive prompt attention. 12-12

R. G. WHEELER,

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Will practice in Justice Courts, Collecting and conveying a specialty. 12-12

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Will attend to all kinds of Wood Work. 12-12

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RESIDENT DENTIST,

Office on Bridge Street.

Persons desiring fine, reliable Dental Work should call at once, as the Doctor has special appointments to fill in adjoining towns. 12-12

Winnemucca, March 16, 1886

HUMBOLDT LODGE, NO. 16,

L. O. O. F.

REGULAR MEETINGS every

Thursday Evening at their Hall in

Stanton's new building, at 7

o'clock, until further notice.

J. J. HILL, N. G.

FRED. RUD, Secretary.

F. & A. M.

Stated communications of Winnemucca Lodge No. 16, F. & A. M., will be held at their Hall in Stanton's new building, until further notice, at 7 o'clock P. M. on the first Saturday evening of each month.

All Master Masons in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

J. L. MAY, Secretary.

E. A. M.

Humboldt Chapter, E. A. M.—Stated communications on the first Wednesday of each month, at their Hall, in Stanton's Building.

J. L. MAY, H. P.

F. N. LEVY, Secretary.

PROBATE NOTICE.

In the District Court of the State of Nevada, County of Humboldt.

In the matter of the estate of William Kirchner, deceased.

Order appointing time for probate of will.

It is hereby ordered, that at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, of April, 1887, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court-room of said Court, at the Court-house in the County of Humboldt, be, and the same is hereby appointed the time for proving the last will and testament of William Kirchner, deceased, and hearing the application of Minnie Kirchner for letters testamentary, and any person interested may appear and contest the said will, and may file objections in writing to the granting of letters testamentary to said petitioner.

A. T. GILSON, Clerk.

Winnemucca, March 22, 1887. 10-12

RAILROAD FEED AND SALE

STABLE.

UPPER WINNEMUCCA.

The most convenient and comfortable Stable in Winnemucca. The proprietors will spare no pains to give satisfaction to freighters and others who may favor them with their patronage. A good supply of the best HAY AND GRAIN To be found in the market.

HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A REGULAR



JOBBER WAGON

Running to and from the Depot. All orders for hauling promptly attended to.

In connection with the Stable we have com-

plete stock of

LUMBER OF ALL KINDS,

Consisting in part of

Building and Fence Lumber, Posts, Shingles, Staves, Doors, Window-Blinds, Pickets, Siding, etc.

CUNNINGHAM BROTHERS, Proprietors.

FRENCH RESTAURANT

—AND—

SALOON.

D. LAFONTAINE, PROPRIETOR.

The proprietor of the French Restaurant announces to his friends and the public generally that his tables will always be supplied with EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE PROCURED IN THE MARKETS.

And prepared by the best cooks in the country. FRESH OYSTERS in all styles, cooked to order.

Every attention paid to the wishes of patrons.

THE FRENCH SALOON

Is stocked with the finest and choicest brands of

Wines, Liquors and Cigars,

And my friends are invited to call and sample the same.

12-12

D. LAFONTAINE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

WINNEMUCCA, NEVADA.

PAID IN CAPITAL \$50,000

L. A. BLAKESLEE, PRESIDENT

F. D. SWEETSER, VICE PRESIDENT

GEO. S. NIXON, CASHIER

This Bank transacts a general Banking Business, Collection and Fire Insurance Agency business. Bills of Exchange for sale on the principal cities in Europe. Current accounts with individual firms and companies solicited. Loans made on personal security.

Three and one-half (3 1/2) per cent. interest per annum paid on time deposits.

PRINCIPAL CORRESPONDENTS:

Crocker-Woolworth National Bank, San Francisco, Cal.; National Bank of the Republic, New York; First National Bank, Reno, Nevada.

Telegraphic transfers made through the above correspondents.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the District Court of the Judicial District of Nevada, in and for Humboldt County.

Peter Swan, Plaintiff, vs. Nick Frayer, Wm. Todhunter and Charles Kemmer, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that under and by virtue of the judgment and decree of said Court rendered in the above entitled cause on the 10th day of March, 1887, and under and by virtue of the order of sale in said judgment and decree contained, and in obedience to the commands and requirements of said judgment and decree, a certified copy whereof has been delivered to me, and placed in my hands for the purpose of causing to be sold, at Sheriff's sale, a commodity by said judgment and decree, to property hereinafter described and referred to, satisfaction and payment of the costs, disbursements and commissions on such sale, of the cost of suit of the plaintiff, fixed at one hundred and five and 75-100 dollars (105 75-100).

Also, the principal sum, amounting to (\$3,988 47) Three Thousand Nine Hundred Eighty-eight and 47-100 Dollars, with interest; all of said sums being, by the commands of said judgment and decree made payable in U. S. gold coin, I am commanded to sell the property, lands, real estate, and singular the premises mentioned in said judgment, decree and order of sale, and particularly described as follows, to wit:

That certain mine and mining claim situated in Mount Rose Mining District, Humboldt County, State of Nevada, commonly known as and called the Live Yankee Mine and Mining Claim, particularly described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point near the south corner monument of the Bullion of Paradise Mine and Mining Claim, in said district, and running thence in a southeasterly direction 1,500 feet to a stake marked "South Center, Live Yankee Claim"; thence westerly 300 feet to stake marked "S. W. Corner, L. Y."; thence 1,500 feet to stake marked "N. W. C. L. Y."; thence 600 feet easterly to a stake marked "N. E. C. L. Y."; thence 1,500 feet southerly to a stake marked "S. E. C. L. Y."; thence 300 feet westerly to the south corner stake.

Public notice is hereby given, that on

Saturday, the 9th Day of April, 1887, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the Court-house, in the town of Winnemucca, Humboldt County, State of Nevada, I will, in obedience to said order of sale and decree, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy plaintiff's judgment with interest thereon and costs, by public auction, to the highest and best bidder, for cash.

F. M. FELLOWS,

Sheriff of Humboldt County, Nevada.

(Dated) Winnemucca, March 19, 1887.

After the Wedding.

All alone in my room at last!
I wonder how far they have traveled now?
They'll be very far when the night is past,
And so would I, if I knew but how.
How calm she was, with her saint-like face!
Her eyes are violet—mine are blue.
How careless I am with my mother's lace!
Her hands are whiter and softer, too.

They have gone to the city beyond the hills:
They must never come back to this place
again.
I'm almost afraid to sit here so still;
I wish it would thunder and lightning and rain.
Oh, no! for some one may not be at rest;
Some one, perhaps, is traveling to-night.
I hope that the moon may shine instead,
And heaven be starry and earth all bright.

It is only one summer that she's been here;
It has been my home for seventeen years!
And seventeen summers of happy bloom
Fall dead to-night in a rain of tears.
It is dark, all dark in the midnight shades;
Father in heaven, may I have rest?
One hour of rest for this aching head?
For this throbbing heart in my weary breast?

I loved him more than she understood;
For him I prayed for my soul in truth;
For him I am kneeling with lifted hands
To lay at his feet my shattered youth.
I loved, and I love—I love him still—
More than father, mother, or life—
My hope of hope was to bear his name,
My heaven of heavens to be his wife!

His wife!—the name that angers breathe—
The words shall not crimson my cheek with shame;
'T would have been my glory that name to
wreath.
In the princely heart from whence it came;
And the kiss I gave to this bride to-night—
His bride till life and light grow dim—
God only knows how I pressed her lips!
That she knows to her be given to him!

DOC.

A Simple Tale of Backwoods Life.

When Doc first came to live with us it was in the early spring. He was a pitiful-looking boy. He was a little, puffy-looking chap, with a pale face, small, bony arms, and short, weakly-looking legs, and rather sickly-looking, frizzled up, straw-colored hair on his head. There was no personal beauty about Doc's face and figure, and yet he was not unusually hard-favored. He was commonplace. Only that and nothing more. Only a pea in a pod where a dozen peas of similar appearance reposed. Only a little wire-grass boy, with not one redeeming feature about him except his eyes. They were only remarkable for the pathetic expression that lingered there. What little light that ever flashed from them was of that sorrowful cast that one observes lingering on the western horizon after a day's rain has closed in a humid sunset.

Doc lost his mother. That was the tie that bound us to him. She was a commonplace wire-grass woman, but in her uncultured soul dwelt the same traits of maternal love and cherishing tenderness that are supposed to illumine the high-born souls of those grand dames whose white hands have never battled against a hard and evil fate for the simple necessities of prolonging existence. She had nourished and cherished her little boy, as only a fond mother can nourish and cherish a weak and fragile child. Ever on the watch, she had stood between him and all the wild streams of adversity that raged about their humble log cabin in the desolate barrens.

When she died Doc took it to heart to a greater extent than any of us thought possible. He had been such a puny, peevish, pettish sort of a boy that we thought that only his selfishness could suffer. We were mistaken. Doc was older than his age.

Well I remember how mother used to toast the crispest bits of brown cornbread, softened with the fresh, sweet butter, and how she used to put in a big lump of that brown mush sugar in his coffee, so as to induce the little fellow to eat.

"You know his ma is dead," she used to say, "and we must try to keep him from missing her in every way we can."

And we were learning. We were being taught the grandest lesson in human lore—the creed of unselfishness.

We could not get him to join us very often in any play. He was too weak. But when the afternoon sun shone through the rifts in the great pine forest he would creep out on the sunny side with us and we would adjust our sports to his strength. Sometimes he would look up from his play, and, with his eyes full of tears, he would exclaim: "My ma is dead! I can't never see her no more!" Then he would sob and moan as if his little heart would break, and I am not ashamed to say we would cry too. "Might not the good Lord take our dear mother, too?" we asked ourselves.

Ah! my sainted mother! Thy love-lighted brown eyes have been closed to earthly scenes for many summers. They closed your poor, toil-worn hands above your cold, still heart a long, long time ago, and the tall pines have shed from their drooping boughs the purest distilled dews of heaven above your lonely grave; and yet in my dreams I see that face often and again, and I never accomplish a good deed or am guilty of a bad one but what your is the first name that flashes through my intellect. A man may have 10,000 friends, even two well-beloved wives, but never but one mother. Blessed be that holy name above all earthly treasures most sacred and longest cherished.

As the spring days grew warmer and the timid wood violets peeped forth on banks where the sun lingered longest, our protégé grew more robust. There was even a faint tinge of blood in his pallid cheek after a short walk about the plantation.

Deeper green grew the woodlands. The rugged pines even touched themselves up with a few gray tufts of a softer tint, and from their queer blossoms fell showers of gold dust that covered the still surfaces of the water ponds. The trailing jasmine covered itself with golden bloom, and the honeysuckle and dogwood blossoms made the swamps and lowlands radiant with gay hues and redolent with delicate perfume. Birds sang among the bursting buds on the crab-apple tree, and the blue arch of heaven was gilded with the fine gold of the life-giving sunlight.

Our sports and pastimes would seem funny to you. We went fishing nights. It was only half a mile to the creek, and on a little bluff that overhung the dark waters we could build our camp-

nres, and then cast our crude tackle in the gloomy eddies where the fire-light played in fitful waves of light and shadow. Doc did love to fish. We would dig in the trash heaps for muck-worms or skin the pine logs for saw-worms, and then we would carry his tackle for him, and walk slow, and help him across the sashes, and when he would catch a mudcat we would say it was a big, fine fellow.

Doc was not an unappreciative boy. He sang those queer, old-fashioned songs for us—songs which he had heard his mother sing. "I have sat and listened to his 'Barbara Allen' as the echoes ran riot among the caves and jungles, till the big owl returned the challenge with a mocking fit of insane laughter.

The old song comes back to me with the quaint rhythm as I write:

He sent his servant to the town,
Where Barb'ry was a dweller;
Saying you must go to me own master
Of your name be Barb'ry Allen.
Then there was another stanza that was very affecting indeed:

And as she walked adown the street
The bells they were a-tollin',
And every toll they seemed to say,
Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen.

I know the old song would not attune well to a parlor organ, and I doubt if you could play it on a grand piano. But there was a pathos of the thing that stirred my youthful soul to its depths.

Blue-eyed spring began to grow plump, and finally developed into the maturer charms of summer. Summer, with the drone of the bumble-bee at noon, and lazy Lawrence dancing on the warm fens. Summer time, sweet summer time! The peaches ripened and reddened, and the corn silks began to appear. Doc said if the first silk you saw was a red one you would be healthy and lucky the balance of the year. The first one he saw that summer was a red one.

And, O, the signs and sayings he taught us. He told us that if we saw the new moon in a clear sky it was lucky. He told us if we killed a toad our best cow would die. He told us that the knots in Old Beauty's mane when we went to feed her in the morning—Old Beauty was our horse—were caused by the witches who rode her the night before, and used these knots for stirrups. Then he said when old Dominicker, my favorite hen, took a spell of crowing that—

"Whis'lin' women an' cokin' hens is apt to come to some bad end."

Sure enough, a blue darter hawk killed old Dominicker the very next Sunday.

Doc began to be stout and strong now. He looked on the faded jacket and little breeches he wore when he first came to our house in a sort of reminiscently pitying way, for his arms had grown more muscular, and his short legs had grown stouter, and Doc began to be a right good-looking boy, after all.

Autumn came with her sad eyes and sobbing winds. Autumn had a deeper significance than ever before, for there were portentous tidings wafted from afar on every breeze that wandered through the heavens. A big white comet blazed in the sky, and Doc said that meant war. Doc was a respectable-looking lad, indeed, now. He was 15 years old, but few would have believed it. His eyes still had that far-away expression in them. He was older than his years.

That was a winter long to be remembered. Gray uniforms were seen at the last yearly meeting, held in November, and the preachers at that meeting spoke words that sounded harshly in our untutored ears. Young women hummed warlike airs, and were eager to catch the latest refrain.

I remember how the crimson deepened on Cousin Sue's brown cheek when she rattled off:

Huzza! Huzza! for the bonnie blue flag so dear.

Huzza! for the sword and plume that Southern soldiers wear!

At the first frolic the fiddler wore a red feather in his hat and played "Dixie."

Men talked and women sang, and the warm blood ran riot in the Southern veins. "On to war," "O, Johnnie, air you bound to be a soldier?"

Your waist, it is too slender,
Your hands, they are too small,
And your cheeks too red and rosy,
To face a cannon ball—
And sing O—and sing O,
Sure you will, my dear!

One wintry night the northern sky burst into a deep crimson, and we knew that the supernatural flame of aurora borealis was burning on the brow of heaven. Doc said that was the sign of war. Everything was the sign of war. We had noticed the ominous "W" on the back of the locusts in the early autumn. Captain Jack Rainey had mustered every week, and the tramp, tramp, tramp of gathering squadrons shattered the slumberous depths of the barrens.

I knew that Doc had met Lucy Paxton at the frolic, and I knew that he had followed her every movement with a fascinated gaze. She was not grown up, but she was "most grown," they all said. She was 13 and the young men chose her for a partner when they played "all around the merry pole," and Doc sat and watched her.

These were stirring times. Men and women shattered the fetters of conventionality and grew from boys to men and from girls to women with marvelous rapidity.

At a candy-pulling Doc pulled candy with her. The way of it was that they all played "lonesome," and they needed one more to be the "lonesome one," and he was induced, much against his will, to join. His success emboldened him, and so the boy and the girl pulled candy, and both were so painfully conscious of their own youthfulness that they pulled in silence.

Lucy's brother John was nearly 18. He was a dutiful boy and his mother was a widow. He worked for her and for Lucy and they lived well.

Again spring gladdened the earth with her spirituelle beauty. But there was not as much boisterousness at the annual "log-rolling" as usual. In fact, there were very few log-rolling. Mothers and daughters and younger sons pulled the fallen trees together the best they could and burned them. Women in big sunbonnets, kept from flopping over their eyes by wooden "splints" inserted in the crown, grasped the plowhandles, while "tucking strings" girded about their waists kept the skirts from trailing in the mud.

Ah, they were made of superior mettle, these women of the barrens were.

That spring we had to work a great deal harder and had less time for fishing than before. Doc helped us. He was industrious, though still a weakling compared with other lads.

The first time I saw him twirl a strand of golden love vine over his head and cast it on the bushes I was amused. Doc told me that he had named it "Lucy Paxton," and if it grew he would know that she loved him, and if not he would be disappointed. He was getting too deep for our philosophy then.

A whole year rolled away, and on the next spring I saw that the love vine reappeared and grew on the bushes. Doc saw it too, and he was pleased—greatly pleased. He was not an ardent lover. He worshipped at a distance. The young fellows who came home on furloughs were very gallant and deferential toward Lucy. This must have worried Doc, but he never gave any sign.

Then came that call for men; that plucking of the very flower of Southern chivalry, O, remorseless war! John Paxton was 18, and he must go to the war and leave his mother and Lucy to fight the harder battle at home. The "enrolling officer," that agent of war whose approach was dreaded so much, he told us that.

When he left Doc followed him out to the gate. After a short talk the officer departed after shaking Doc by the hand.

"I've learned somethin'," he said, with a radiant face, when he came back. "The enrolling officer says that John can stay at home if he can get a substitute. I'm gwine to be his substitute."

Of course John Paxton did not want to agree to the proposition. It looked unmanly for him to stay and send a little fellow like Doc. But the latter argued, "I ain't got nobody to keef for, an' if I git hurt nobody'll be the loser. You've got Mis' Paxton and—Lucy," he stammered, "an' you ought to stay an' make the crap. Besides, I want to git to be a big General some time, maybe, an' then I'll—I'll well, I want to go, anyhow, an' I'm gwine as your substitute." And he went.

Poor little Doc! Friend and playmate of our childhood. His delicate form that had been so nourished and cherished by his dotting mother—and our mother had loved him as one of her own—when they brought him home, wasted with privation and hardship, and the hectic fever burned on his cheeks, he looked very much like our little old Doc. It was springtime again then. There was a lull in the wild tempest of war. Bronzed and bearded our heroes came home. Bowed with defeat, tattered and torn, ragged veterans of a hundred battles. There were so many heroic deeds that the recital of daring achievements grew commonplace. They did not like to talk about it. Our Doc had been every inch a soldier. He had acquitted himself nobly. He was going to die, as so many stronger men had died, without a stain on his fair escutcheon. It was Lucy Paxton's hand that plucked the sweet bouquets which found their way to his feeble hands. It was her mother who sat with our mother and counted the pulse beats of our Doc as life was fading fast away.

One day he roused himself from his stupor, and with a light in his eyes I had never seen before, he asked me to go and see if the "love vine" had begun growing. I did as he requested, and found the golden threads entwined around the low gallery bushes.

"Is it a-growing," he asked when I came in.

"Yes; it is running everywhere," I answered.

"I knowed it. That's a sure sign. I'm so glad."

That was the last word he ever uttered.

Lucy Paxton is the noble wife of an honest farmer. She is a good woman, and she points out a little mound in the old graveyard to her children, when they go there meeting days, and they scrape away the green mold and the lichens, and spell out the letters on it, "D-O-C, Doc."—M. M. Folsom in Atlanta Constitution.

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MISSING LINKS.

Eight thousand people are fed daily by one New York restaurant.

It is exactly 107 years since the first Sunday newspaper was published.

Sidney Woollett, the elocutionist, is said to have memorized more than three hundred thousand verses of poetry.

Baron Nordenskjöld, the explorer, is meditating a Swedish Antarctic expedition with the assistance of King Oscar.

Henry Richner, of Vail, Iowa, weighs 270 pounds, is seven feet four and three-fourths inches high, and is only twenty-two years old.

In 1866 20,000 barrels of rice were raised in this country, and in 1886 425,000 barrels. South Carolina produces more than any other state.

Millionaire Corcoran, who does more for Washington than all the other millionaires lumped together, pays taxes on \$9,100,000 worth of property.

There is more or less money in English politics for some people, Mr. Schnadhorst having just been presented with £10,000 in recognition of his services to the Liberal party.

Mrs. Magnusson, the Icelandic lady who is now lecturing in England on the habits and home-life of her compatriots, claims that Leit Eriksson was the real discoverer of America.

The normal weight of the fashionable dinner or reception dress is from thirty to forty-nine pounds, while the tailor-made dress varies from ten to nineteen pounds. And yet woman is called the weaker vessel.

The Montana Wool Grower estimates that there will be nearly a million sheep sheared in that territory this year, producing at least 8,000,000 pounds of wool—1,000,000 pounds more than the product in 1886.

Gen. Charles P. Stone, the gallant Union officer and the engineer under whose supervision the Bartholdi statue was erected, who died recently in New York, left his family in straitened circumstances, and an appeal is made to the public in their behalf.

Some of the dealers in fish in Washington market, New York city, have bottles of cod-liver oil suspended in front of their stalls, and generally underneath in a tank a big live cod "gassing in horror, as if at the sight of the essence of some ancestor's liver."

Experiments having shown that grass have once more triumphed over armor, the governments of England, France, and Russia are actively laying in a supply of steel projectiles, of which great quantities have been ordered. Steel projectiles will pierce the thickest armor afoot.

Referring to the addition of bathrooms to the luxuries of railroad travel, the Buffalo Commercial comments the improvement, but thinks "it might be very awkward, though, for a man in a collision or the upsetting of a car to be caught in the usual bath-tub undress."

The Duke of Argyll, father of the Marquis of Lorne and Lord Colin Campbell, is a small man, with a big head and the face of a mud-carter. He has a mass of bushy white hair, his shirt is always frayed at the collar, he invariably wears a rusty frock coat, and trousers five inches too short.

In a book called "Courts of Europe," recently published in Berlin, the author says that it is the Marquis of Lorne who flirts and not Louise. The story hitherto told presents the opposite view. The Berlin writer says Louise is consumed with jealousy because of Lorne's attentions to other ladies.

James Blaikie, of St. Paul, has a very fine cat's-eye stone which was once the property of George II. of England. The ring came into the possession of Blaikie's family by legal process, together with a star and garter set with the same stones, and at one time the property of the English monarch.

The famous Irish steeple-chaser Liberator, who won the Grand National in 1879, and who has started in the same race nearly every year since then, is now doing farm work. When geldings become unfit for racing their fall is a great one. In this country Cheekmate, once a great racer, is used as one of an omnibus team, and Parole, the hero of two continents, is used as a saddle-horse.

Dan Rice, the once celebrated clown, who made and lost several large fortunes in the circus ring, now lives in Cincinnati, old and poor, and dependent on the charity of friends for a living. Rice's first appearance in public was as a pugilist, and in 1828 the Pennsylvania Legislature adjourned to witness a boxing contest between George Kensett and Dan Rice.

Cocoanut-growers say that each tree in a grove produces one nut a day, or 365 in one year. Owing to the great height of the trees it is impossible to pick the nuts, and they are allowed to hang till they fall. The natives gather them up and carry them to the husking-machines, where the nuts are stripped of their thick outside shells. A nut is most delicious just after it has dropped from the trees.

In renting houses at San Francisco, Cal., the rent charged is according to the number of rooms. Brokers say that a room should rent at \$5 and \$6 per month. This a five room house should be \$25 or \$30, besides the value of bath-room and closet. Architects figure in the same way. They will contract to build a house for \$400 a room. This, of course, is for cheap houses. The rage for French flats in the city is abating.

Henry Ray, of Gilmer, Tex., has discovered the secret of the quail's being able to hide so well. He was walking in a field when a covey of birds was flushed. One alighted near him, and the moment it did so seized a dead oak leaf, crouched to the ground, and threw the leaf over its back, so that it was hidden completely from view. Mr. Ray said that he had to go and turn over the leaf before he could believe the evidence of his own eyes.

The Staunton, Va., *Vindicator* relates the case of a citizen of that place

named Joshua Stover, who was recently sent to the penitentiary for six years by the Staunton hustlings court "for stealing a hot flat-iron from off a stove." It adds: "There would seem to be something radically wrong in a law that demands one-fifth of the average lifetime of a man for the larceny of a trifle, for which a boy would get off with a switching."

Mme. Caroline Popp has just completed her fiftieth year as editress of the chief Liberal paper in Flanders—the *Journal de Bruges*. She entered upon her office the 4th of April, 1837, and has remained at